

THE DEMOCRAT.

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VERSAILLES, MISSOURI.

THE TELEPHONE.

Child though I am of an elusive race,
Yet subtle is your human thought to reach,
And now ye build me bridges o'er the space
That else would drown your speech.

By paths ye point along the void I go
To do your will with feet that never tire;
Love's charmed cadence, musical and low,
Sings down the slender wire.

And then, the messenger of dull despair,
Lift a word that chills me with its weight,
Or serpent tongues come hissing thro' the air,
And I am hot with hate.

Sometimes a greeting flies to match the need
Of one who waits from all his kind apart,
And then across a continent I speed
To move a nation's heart.

The very deep your clever cables span,
So round and round this little globe I run
To bring man nearer to his brother man
And make the nations one.

I am, yet what I am has no man learned.
A spirit, winged and shod with silver flame?
Ye seek my face, and lo! I have returned
To that from whence I came.

Of old in vision did the poet-seers
Discern the shadow of a thing to be,
They knew and named me for the coming years—
I still am Mercury.

—Alice Lena Cole, in Youth's Companion.

A Horseless Elopement

By BENNET MUSSON

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MAJ. FITZGIBBON sat on the veranda of his house in the little city of Brayton, in central New York, and watched a large steam roller which rumbled ponderously and complainingly over the unoffending macadam of the broad, tree-lined avenue. This roller typified the manner in which the major, since his emigration from Georgia, 30 years before, had walked rough-shod over the complaisant inhabitants of Brayton.

The major's love for the south was coupled with an enterprise which—seemingly at variance with the southern character—had enabled him to dominate the small northern city commercially. The great factory which bore his name, and employed 500 workers, entitled him to be considered a magnate.

Fanciful comparisons were far from the major's mind as he watched the roller defile the crisp May air with puffs of sooty smoke. The vicious twist with which he fingered his imperial indicated something serious in his thoughts.

The twist increased in violence as a handsome young man stepped briskly through the front gate and along the path which led to the veranda. The major rose with exaggerated courtesy.

"Good morning, Mr. Ingalls," he said. "I have ventured to—" began the young man.

"Permit me to offer you some refreshment, sir," the major interrupted,



"DID YOU, OR DID YOU NOT, SAY THAT I MUST BE AN IMPOSTOR?"

ringing a hand bell, to which an old darkey responded.

"Thank you, I—" Ingalls hesitated as the major's steely blue eyes fixed him piercingly—"I don't care if I do," he concluded, lamely and colloquially.

When the servant returned and set out a decanter, a carafe, and glasses, and the preliminary courtesies of greeting were over, the most uncomfortable half hour in Frank Ingalls' 25 years of life ensued.

The major's only daughter, Helen, was the subject of the interview, and although the old man knew that some day he must lose a girl of her beauty and attractiveness, he did not propose to give her up to a man for whom he entertained small regard, and—principal cause of this lack of esteem—whose father had accompanied Gen. Sherman on his march to the sea.

When the interview had passed from formality to incisiveness, then from heat to recrimination, the major rose and faced his guest.

"Did you, or did you not, say, sir, that I must be an impostor, because there was no surviving officer of the confed-

eracy under the rank of colonel?" he demanded, with dynamic politeness.

"In my younger days, before I knew and loved Helen, I may have made some such foolish remark," Frank replied, angrily, "but I apologize for it now. Not on your account, but on my own," he added, as the major smiled contemptuously. "As for your daughter, allow me to tell you that she is a northern woman by birth, sympathy and temperament, and I shall marry her in spite of you." With which explosive statement, Ingalls stalked angrily from the yard, and the major, who liked an outspoken foe, followed him with a look in which resentment and admiration were strangely mingled.

For the two days that followed, the manner in which Maj. Fitzgibbon conducted a large manufacturing business and frustrated the attempted meetings between Helen and Frank showed a presence that was almost uncanny. His daughter's open defiance had rather aroused his regard, although he denounced it as unfilial and unsouthern.

On the third day, after the interview the young people contrived a clandestine meeting. Helen arranged to slip from her window that night, and repair with Frank to the house of the Unitarian minister, who, in addition to being a man of spirit and independence, was Frank's uncle.

At midnight Frank waited under a certain window in the Fitzgibbons' house until Helen appeared, clad in a blue traveling dress and an air of caution, and the moon obligingly retired behind a cloud while the couple went toward the gate.

As they reached the sidewalk there was a crash behind them of another window being flung violently open, and a crunching sound as two square-toed boots landed in a gravel path. Ingalls glanced back as he hurried the trembling Helen toward the main street, and the approaching boots ground the gravel ominously.

As Frank again turned his eyes forward a huge, ghostly object loomed before him in the road. It was the steam-roller, covered by an enormous rubber cloth. Dashing to it, Frank pulled up the rubber cloth, lifted Helen into the cab of the machine, climbed in himself, and the folds of the cover had barely settled in place when Maj. Fitzgibbon clattered by, in futile pursuit.

As the pair drew a few breaths of relief, tinged with the odor of machine oil and coal gas, a responding sigh came from the inky darkness. This was followed by a slow grunt, then a voice of protest.

"What ye want?" it demanded. "Why, there's someone here!" Helen cried, softly.

"Course ther' is. What—" continued the voice.

"Sh!" whispered Frank. "Who are you?"

"Bill Dustan, the engineer. Who are you?"

As the man rose from the narrow seat on which he had been curled up asleep,

the tiny cab was filled to overflowing with a faint scent of alcohol which suggested a reason for his presence.

Frank laid a friendly hand on the shoulder of Bill Dustan's coat and hastily told his story, while his mind worked rapidly in another direction. His other hand crept into one of his pockets, and when it was extended to Bill it contained a bank note.

"You have a fire?" Frank asked, as the engineer fingered the money.

"Keep 'er up a little," answered the man.

"Can you run the roller with it?" Frank demanded.

Bill grinned appreciatively in the darkness. "Soon fix it so I kin," he said. "But it will make an awful noise," objected Helen, on whom the situation was dawning.

"I kin run 'er kind er slow an' quiet," Bill said, hopefully.

"Besides, your father is probably stirring up the police and the railroad people, and he won't be back soon," Frank said to Helen. "It isn't likely that he noticed this machine, and if he sees it anywhere else he won't dream that we are in it."

Bill Dustan lighted a lantern, casting a dim glow on a complication of wheels, levers and valves; attended to the fire, and in a few minutes the roller was in motion. The engineer lifted the forward part of the rubber cloth, protruded his head and steered the machine to the Unitarian minister's house.

Even a magnate may not annul a marriage, and Helen and Frank departed for their honeymoon, leaving the major a prey to gloomy emotions, which they wisely forebore to interrupt for two weeks. During that time the love and sympathy Helen had for her father suggested the best course for a reconciliation.

"He likes actions that are bold and straightforward," she said to Frank.

And the major got what he liked, for one morning, early in June, when he was again seated on his veranda, reading his paper before starting for his factory, he was aroused by a noise in the street.

An enormous steam roller turned in at the major's gate and moved ponderously along the driveway. At the throttle was Bill Dustan, and behind him, on the narrow seat of the machine, were Helen and Frank. From all parts of the roller fluttered streamers and bows of bridal ribbon.

After gazing fixedly at the shy but confident couple, and at the abashed engineer, Maj. Fitzgibbon glanced back at his house, in which he had spent a lonely fortnight, and stroked his imperial with a soft, caressing movement. Then he walked slowly to the machine, lifted his arms, and Helen leaped lightly into them.

As Frank alighted and smilingly watched this scene, Bill Dustan turned the steam roller, which, with a triumphant toot of its small whistle, rumbled dignifiedly away.

SHIPS TO CARRY OWN MODELS.

America's War Vessels May Have on Board Miniature Skeletons of Themselves.

It is probable that in a short time every ship in the navy will have a model of herself on board. It is known as a supplementary plan or skeleton model. The ships of the German navy have them. At present even officers sometimes have no clear conception of the construction of the hidden parts of the vessels. The only ship that now has a skeleton of herself aboard is the turret ship Monterey, commanded by Commander W. H. Beecher, who was a naval attaché at Berlin for several years. He is perhaps best known to the public by the fact that the Kaiser used to call him "Bill."

Beecher became imbued with the German ideas while he was at Berlin, and when he was sent to the Asiatic fleet to command the Monterey he could not rest until he had provided his craft with a skeleton model. He hired Chinese carpenters, and for two months they toiled fashioning a model of the Monterey to a scale of a quarter of an inch to the foot. The model can be taken apart, and the men serving on the Monterey can look under the boilers at any time instead of having to wait until the fires are drawn. This fact alone has saved more than the cost of the model.

By means of the toy ship the warrant machinists were able to decide that a new set of boilers of a different type could be put in. Otherwise the question would have had to be referred to the bureau of steam engineering in this city, and a month would have been lost. The model has been found to be of invaluable benefit in training the men for collision and fire emergencies. The Chinese carpenters charged only \$110 for the work.

When Charles Daniels, composer of "Hiawatha," received a check for \$10,000 from his publishers a year ago he was in St. Louis and the very same night he played the piano for a dance at Fraternal hall on Franklin avenue. The only extravagance he indulged in was to hire a carriage to take him home after his night's arduous labor.

Entirely Proper Then.

Figg—You have seen Jones' wife, what is she like? Should you call her pretty? Fogg—I might if I were talking to Jones.—Stray Stories.

ROUGH DANCES MUST GO.

"Yale Glides" and "Harvard Dips" Are Held Up to Scorn by Professors of the Terpsichorean Art.

Football tactics of the ballroom floor must stop. No more "Yale glides" or "Harvard dips" or distorted attempts to tread a measure in two-four time when the music calls for three beats in the bar. Such is the ultimatum of the American Society of Professors of Dancing.

War has been declared by the professors on what they call the invasion of their special field by college students. Dancing a two-step to waltz time and the grotesque positions assumed by the dancers are the evils attributed to the college fads that have vitiated the public taste.

"Some of these students," said a prominent professor, "invent a series of simian contortions or football tactics and call it the 'Yale glide' or the 'Harvard dip,' or some other abomination with a college name to it. The public thinks it is all right because the college men do it. Now we want to stop all this and bring dancing back to the old style, when a graceful carriage enabled the dancers to express the beauty of motion to music. The football rush type of dancing is a disgrace.

"The majority of people now seem to dance the two-step to waltz music," added Prof. Duenez. "This is not right. The two-step is easier to teach, as it is common time, but dancing it to waltz music is not a correct movement."

Unjust.

Faultfinding Customer—Those eggs are a week old, to my certain knowledge, and yet you've kept that sign "Fresh Eggs" sticking up in the basket all that time.

Grocer's Clerk (righteously indignant)—You're mistaken, ma'am. I change that sign every morning.—Chicago Tribune.

His Place in the World.

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by the gravitation of his nature and swings there as easily as a star.—E. H. Chapin.

No Luggage System There.

In Holland, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland a passenger can carry no luggage free.

THE CAT AND THE FOX.



Find a Hound.

The Cat and the Fox were once talking together in the middle of a forest. "Let things be ever so bad," said Reynard, "I don't care. I have a hundred shifts, if one should fail." "I," said the Cat, "have but one. If that fails me, I am undone." Just then a pack of Hounds burst into view. The Cat flew up a tree and sat serenely among the branches, and thence saw the Fox, after trying his hundred shifts in vain, overtaken by the Dogs and torn in pieces.

MORAL—A man that sets up for more cunning than the rest of his fellows is generally a silly fellow at the bottom.

MAMMOTH CAVE DOMES.

Their Height Has to Be Estimated as There is No Means of Measuring Them.

Dr. Horace C. Hovey, writing in the Scientific American, says that the full history of the attempts to measure the height of the mammoth dome in Mammoth Cave would fill volumes. He speaks of his own attempt in 1896, when with a plummet he succeeded in getting the depths of the pits, but the heights of the domes had to be estimated. In June last he procured a number of small balloons, inflated them with hydrogen gas, and went into the cave. Five of these balloons, ten inches in diameter, were put together, and measurements of ceilings in various parts of the cave were made without difficulty until they came to the Gorin's dome. The total height from floor to apex was estimated as 159 feet, but it was proposed to substitute exactness for guesswork by means of the balloons. By means of an acetylene lamp and special magnesium lights, the dome was brilliantly illuminated. When the cluster of brilliantly tinted balloons were sent upward, the sight was a pretty one. The alabaster folds of the cave hung like massive curtains, and the silence was broken only by the drops falling from the stalactites. The balloons mounted well for two-thirds of the distance, and were then caught by a current of air and wafted from side to side through the sigmoid curves of the great abyss. They were drawn back and tried over and over again, but always with the same result. They fluttered about in the current, but would not rise to the top of the dome. In another place the moisture in the cave prevented success. Finally, the mammoth dome was tried, and there the top was reached, and the total altitude of the chasm set at 151 feet 6 inches.

Needed His Love.

Magistrate—Madam, your husband charges you with assault.

Honoraria—Yes, your worship; I asked him if he would ever cease to love me, and he was so slow at answering that I hit him in the eye with a mop. I'm only a woman, your worship (tears) and a woman's life without love is a mere blight.—London Tit-Bits.

Difference of a Letter.

In an advertisement by a railway company some uncalled-for goods the letter "l" had been dropped from the word "lawful" and it read: "People to whom the packages are directed are welcome forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

Monsoon Stations.

Monsoon stations are to be established in India for the purpose of taking observations by means of kites and kite balloons. The first station will be in the Himalayas, at Simla, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Distinction.

"The duke is a man of marked distinction."

"Marked down distinction. She got him for less than a hundred thousand." —Puck.

Drunkennes in London.

The first "blacklist of habitual drunkards," published in London, under the new licensing act, shows three times as many women as men.

Less Than a Dollar a Day.

In the great coal mines of Bohemia the average wages inside for nine hours is 86 cents.

BUSINESS IN PORTO RICO.

Increased Exports of Sugar and Tobacco Since Americans Assumed Control.

The two principal articles of exportation in Porto Rico, sugar and tobacco, have increased from 27,500,000 francs and 3,161,800 francs in 1901 to 31,975,000 francs and 10,570,000 francs the year following. The exports of cigarettes and of leaf tobacco have diminished, but the diminution is of little importance compared to the much higher value of cigars reports L'Economiste Francais.

The sugar cane plantations by the employment of modern methods are increasing, facilitated as they are by the creation of central factories, one of which has recently been started at Guayama. Notwithstanding the advances made, there still remains much to be done.

Coffee culture is extending rapidly. The product of the present year amounts to 350,000 bags. During the last ten years 3,500 acres have been devoted to orange plantations. They plant about 70 trees to the acre, which yield in five years about 35,000 oranges, which are usually sold at the wharves at the rate of five francs a hundred, and this gives a profit of 125 francs to the acre.

Cotton planting is about to be renewed. The exportation of cotton reached 4,000 bales in 1895. About 500,000 acres will soon be set apart for cotton plantations.

Many mining concessions have been granted since the annexation of the island to the United States, but none so far has been worked with energy. Gold, silver, iron, copper and bismuth exist in the island, and also immense beds of tin, mercury, lignite, yellow amber and nickel, without speaking of the lead mines.

The construction of railroads is going on rapidly. The entire system, it is expected, will be completed in less than three years. The French line, reorganized under the name of the "American Railroad Company of Porto Rico," has obtained a new concession. It is now occupied in finishing the network of railroads in the island. An electric tramway has been started at Ponce. Another line connects Bayamon with San Juan, and it will soon be linked to a steamboat line to Ponce.

One Way to Make Trade.

The shoemakers at Madrid recently combined to encourage dancing, with the object of wearing out as much shoe leather as possible. They hired several dancing halls and charged exorbitant admission. Each admission ticket bears a coupon, 20 of which entitle the owner to a new pair of shoes free of charge at the union store.

Americans Dried Fruits.

So popular and widely appreciated have American dried fruits become in Germany that they may be said now to control the markets.

Maine's Coast Line.

Maine's seacoast in a straight line is 235 miles, while following the inlets and cuts it is 2,486 miles. Between Kittery Point and Quoddy head there are 51 lighthouses.

Submarine War Vessels.

England has nine submarine war vessels built or building, and France has 50. Their presence is expected to make blockades impossible.

Contentment.

He is richest who is content with the least, for content is the wealth of nature.—Socrates.